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The Aurora.

"SCIENCE WITH PRACTICE."

VOL. VII.] AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, AMES, IOWA, MARCH, 1879. [NO. I

LITERARY.

"WIEDER SEHEN."

HATTIE RAYBOURNE, '73.

"There are moments in life" when the great secret door
Of the long vanished Past opens slowly once more,
And there falls through the crevice a soft line of light,
Full of shimmering atoms, all glittering bright
With the wee gems of memory, precious and pure
As the dew-drops of heaven, and they will endure
In their radiant brightness, all the way through
To the end of time, aye, and eternity too.

There are moments again when this great secret door
Opens wide its broad panels, and gaily once more
We throng through its portals and, in freshness, repeat
The old frolic of mixing the bitter and sweet.
These moments we treasure, for in the ideal
Our pleasures more sacred are than in the real—
More sacred, because all the sorrow and blight
Deep in the shadow we throw, and turn the full light
Upon all that is joyous, on all that is bright.

Ah! the queries, the doubts, which these moments will bring.
Unbounded, unfathomed, the echoes will ring
Through the heart's deepest vale to the soul's highest peak,
And re-echoes again will unceasingly seek,
With direst confusion and murmuring tone,
The princely old monarch of mind to dethrone.

We live, and we move, and the seasons come and go,
The great ocean roars with its full ebb and flow,
The sun and the moon, the twinkling stars look down
Upon the homes of men, with either smile or frown;
And yet we do not know the power, the central force,
Whose circles move the Universe in all its course,
The conscious life, the mystery is still unguessed-
Unanswered still the ever-asked, eternal quest.

Let doubting thoughts and unbelief be thrown away—
Cast to the wind your cares, and come to-night with gay
And gladdest words, and hearts whose every throb doth burn
With all sufficient pleasure at this glad return—
Come from the busy world, and, for a little while,
Bask in the sunlight of the dear old college smile—
Come from your disappointments, from your loud applause,
To greet your Alma Mater—champions of her cause.
Long has she yearned for this anticipated joy,
For years has mourned the absent girl—the wandering boy;
Sent messages of love, of hope throughout all space,
With eager, anxious quest some prodigal to trace.
And, as she yearned for us with sympathizing mind,
Her longings have gone out and helped all human kind.

Grand in her humanity, she sits enthroned to-day,
Queen of the West, and as we gather round we say—
"Long live our Queen," and all the east, the west, the north,
The terror-stricken south, the same glad shout send forth.

Our Queen of Science, on her pinnacle of fame!
Above the reach of clouds stands her emblazoned name,
And, like a canopy, o'er reaching far and wide,
The tenderest plantlet she essays to hide.
Deep in her pulsing heart, throbbing with fires of youth,
The great lessons of life are coined, laden with truth.

Oh, Science, with your starry eyes and winning grace—
Sun, moon and planets but expressions of your face—
Long may you search, on shore, on sea, on craggy steep,
To worlds unknown, to islands far beyond the deep,
Still will you find, on looking from your heights to-day,
Your youngest, fairest daughter here in Iowa.

At home again, ring out, ring out, old College bell,
In joyous tones, and all the children tell,
From broad Atlantic to the old Pacific coast,
Through all the world ring out this toast,
"Home, home, sweet home, and mother for our host."

Six years ago, with brightest dreams, the eldest born,
Gathered the sheaves, garnered the ripened corn,
Then left the fond maternal care, with heart aglow,
On other lands to plant, in other fields to sow.
And, as the seasons came and richer grew the soil,
Brothers and sisters joined him in his daily toil.

Six yearly harvests with their golden grain have passed,
Some have been filled with tares, some fruitful to the last,
To some the earth in gleeful mood broad acres gave,
To some a narrow, shallow, green lot for a grave;
But heaven was kinder far, for over all she threw
Her canopy of joy, and in the azure hue,
In the glad, merry sunlight, with its silver rays,
The glittering hours made up the golden days.
Oh! what would ages be, as they through cycles run,
If we should live within a world without a sun.

Six yearly harvests, and we anxious wait
To gather in the aftermath— to reap the late,
Dry, tufted, tangled, grass from off the marshy meeds,
The withered flowers grown from the half-decaying seeds,
And as we linger, e'er again the fields we mow,
We come to greet another child, who soon will go,
Who on the morrow from the dear old hearth and home,
Will other pastimes seek—'mid other scenes will roam.

The great old world is broad, the sunshine is as glad
To cover with its warmth the merry as the sad.
Whatever comes to us we know in after years
Is best, let it be happy smiles or bitter tears;

But still 'tis true, though all our future pleasures vie,
In glowing colors, with the rainbow of the sky,
Though crosses lighter than the eiderdown we bear,
Though earth allows us jewels in our crowns to wear,
Still lovingly, regretfully our hearts will long
For these old days, so full of hoping, hopeful song.

When once the threshold here we pass, the curtain falls
Upon the greatest act. And all our clamorous calls,
Will not avail to bring again upon the stage,
One scene within the act of girlhood, boyhood's age.
For in the drama it is written to the end,
Manhood and Womanhood, and everything will blend,
With Nature, Art and human life in all its forms,
To make up scenes of quiet days or raging storms.

Then cling with loving tenderness unto this hour,
Have every moment freighted with some sacred power,
O'er treasured memories, hedged in with wondrous dreams,
O'er airy castles, basking in the sunlit gleams,
O'er an ambition with such self-impelling force,
That naught of good can stop it in its onward course.

Yea, cling with all this loving tenderness, for when
The roll in after years is called, who will answer then?
Those lying 'neath the withered leaves will never hear,
Will never know or feel the sorrow-saddened tear.

The Past: In all the studios of Ancient art,
In Grecian Athens, or in classic Roman mart,
There are no treasures, deeply beautiful or rare,
That will in worth with our own past compare,
Painted in richness and in colors warmly bright,
And sweetly hanging in the soft and mellow light.
For we the Artists were, and genius cannot claim,
In all her boasted power, in her great, gifted name,
To hold more dear the holy thought, or look, which she
Has caught and lodged into a still eternity,
Than we, our little daubs drawn on life's precious scroll,
And painted with the lasting colors of the soul.
No grand conception of a form or outline bold—
Only life's little things, in touching sweetness told.
The winding paths throughout the leafy woods we trace,
The vines and maple bending to the river's face,
The old road leading past the school house down the hill,
The sunset picture and the Autumn twilight chill,
"The willows" 'neath whose shade was learned with blush and start,
The untranslated language of the human heart,
The "circle drive," the "wooden bridge" across the stream,
These are the memories that form our painted dream.
Oh, that we could some Erlking, fairy elf, implore,
To weave some spell that would bring back these days once more.
Life seemed so great—we were in such hot haste to go,

And fortune smiling stood, great honors to bestow.
Though life is just as grand, and fortune just as kind,
Still, deep within our hearts, this constant wish we find.

We are not old, to us life, even in its prime,
Has never brought old age's silver crown of time,
Our fondest hopes and all our cherished plans, we see
In the bright horoscope of near futurity.
What though the gusts of sorrow and the trials come,
"The heart sore anguish vex, and poverty benumb."
To all will come the burdens, whatsoe'er they be,
To all will come life's many folded mystery,
The queries, unbeliefs and questions that will send
The very soul into a darkness without end;
The great and solemn meanings of this life will turn
To ask if we their mighty lessons can discern;
Weary and over-laden, oft our hearts will cry
For *rest*, in tones of mournful, direst agony,
While overhead the glad blue skies are smiling down,
Wearing in joy the silver sunlight for a crown,
Seeming in very mockery our souls to taunt,
And, with its brightness, every living hope to haunt.

Still must we live and sow the seed, for God alone
Knows what will come from every little seedlet sown;
Beyond our knowledge and our vision, blurred and dim,
What we will reap at harvest-time is hid with Him.

Then let us pause, and all such doubting quests forego,
Believing that it is enough for us to know
That He who guides the course of all things to the end,
That He in whom the future and the present blend,
That He who said "Let there be light," and at his word
The rays, imprisoned in their darkened caverns, heard,
And o'er the world a glorious radiance shone
On humble cottage wall, on kingly sceptred throne;
Believing that it is enough for us to know,
That He who made all things on earth, above, below,
Does what is best for us. Let this suffice us still,
And yield in childlike faith and trust unto his will.

HISTORY OF THE ALUMNI OF THE IOWA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

BY A. BEN. SHAW, '76.

[Read at their Reunion, in the College Chapel, November 13, 1878.]

Complete autobiographies of all the members of our brotherhood would form a paper of unusual interest and historic value, but such are impracticable upon this occasion, because of the necessary length and the difficulty of obtaining the required information. I am therefore compelled to present a somewhat statistical and condensed sketch.

In reviewing the labors of our elder brothers, who have already pushed their crafts far out into the sea of life, we are gratified and honored to contemplate the large proportion who have met with marked success as men of the world. Though the affairs of pioneer states are often engineered by so-called "self-made" men, as states mature, as education and refinement make inroads upon the backwoods farms, it is but natural that those should rise to prominence and activity who have attained a degree of proficiency through some of the four hundred colleges of our great Union. It is indeed for this object that our state has established this institution, and in consideration of the same principle of advancement, that our government appropriates for schools, proportionately, a per cent. of taxation greater than that of classic England, and scientific Prussia, and scholarly France, and elegant Italy, and industrious Austria combined. And we may safely anticipate that, with increased years and numbers, the history of our associates can not be written without embracing that of our mother state, though responses to the roll-call come back from Massachusetts, California, Indian Territory, Oregon— from twelve of the various states.

Four of our number have passed from the mortal school, through the dark valley, back to the glorious Source whence all wisdom emanates—four young men who fought the battle of life against many an unpropitious circumstance, as manfully and steadfastly as mortal could, and who had already risen to situations of honor and esteem.

TOM L. THOMSON, class of 1872, died February 3, 1875, of pneumonia, at Fayetteville, Arkansas, where he held the position of Professor of Natural Sciences.

GEORGE R. FLOWER graduated in 1873, already stricken with consumption, and died at his home, near Fort Dodge, Iowa, in the winter of 1874 – 5.

EDGAR M. HUNGERFORD, class of 1872, died of heart disease, in the winter of 1875–6, at Orleans, Nebraska, where he had charge of a newspaper. Though he had adopted Nebraska as his home but a few years before, he had already become a member of the Board of Regents of the University of that state.

CALVIN P. WELLMAN, class of 1872, died in August, 1878, at Waseca, Minnesota, at the residence of his brother. At the time of his death, he had charge of the public schools of New Hampton, Iowa.

The classes of 1874, '5, '6, and '7 have not been touched by the hand of Death.

There are now 119 members of our association, of whom thirty nine are engaged in giving public instruction. Eight are instructors in their Alma Mater—Professors E.W. Stanton, of Mathematics and Political Economy; J. K. Macomber, of Physics; M. Stalker, of Agriculture and Veterinary Science; J. S. Lee, of Chemistry; J. C. Arthur, Librarian and Demonstrator of Botany and Zoology; T. L. Smith, Foreman in the Workshop and Teacher in the Preparatory Department; Frank W. Booth, Foreman and Instructor of Printing; Winifred M. Dudley, Teacher of Instrumental Music. F. L. Harvey was elected to the chair of Natural Sciences in Humboldt College, of Iowa, in 1874, and after one year became Professor of Chemistry in the Arkansas Industrial University, located at Fayetteville, filling a vacancy caused by the death of Tom L. Thomson. Mr. Harvey received his present title, Professor of Biological Sciences and Chemistry in 1877. Among the instructors in public schools, while some have chosen that vocation as a profession, a majority have adopted it only temporarily. Luther Foster is principal of the Monticello schools. Charles S. Chase graduated in law at Des Moines, and is now principal of the Shenandoah schools. W. R. Smith is a student of law at Davenport and a whilom teacher. Kate N. Tupper has met with marked success as one of Iowa's public instructors, teaching successively at Nevada, Atlantic, Marshalltown, and Beloit, Lyon county. She originally designed the practice of medicine and studied for that profession at Des Moines, but gratifying success in educational work persuaded her to abandon the idea. She has given especial attention to the instruction of county normal institutes in various portions of the state. True to the instincts and surroundings of her college life, Miss Tupper secured a quarter section of Dakota land in 1876, hired it cultivated, and from it has received a crop of rye and one of wheat, the proceeds of which were sufficient to pay for the land and all other expenses. Millah Cherrie has taught school since graduation, and is now engaged in the primary schools of Des Moines. Alice Cunningham is teaching near her home—Knoxville, Iowa. Celestia Neal is living with her sister and teaching, in Astoria, Oregon. Charles E. Peterson writes that he is "trying to teach school at Panora, Iowa." M. E. Rudolph, after graduation, first taught at Manchester, then became editor of the Kellogg (Iowa) *Reporter* and of the *Iowa Workman*. He has since disposed of his interest in these papers and assumed control of the schools of Kellogg, though he will, no doubt, soon be drifting back to his cherished sphere—the editor's chair. Ida Sherman has taught in the vicinity of her home since graduation. Nancy Wills has followed the same occupation at Boone. Arthur P. Barker has taught since leaving Ames, and is now principal of the Camanche school, though he has in view the legal profession. Julia C. Blodget has been occupied as one of the instructors in the schools of Le Mars. J. J. Fegtly is now at Farmington, having acted as principal of the schools at Birmingham. G. A. Garard, now principal of the schools at Ames, has completed the course of law at Des Moines and will soon be pleading at the bar. Ellen Harlow, after teaching at Steamboat Rock, accepted her present position as instructor in Des Moines. With characteristic energy and

diligence she is pursuing the study of medicine, in harmony with our prophetic vision in 1876. Abner E. Hitchcock, prinipal of the Rockford, Iowa, schools, with the same grace and love of ease as in the days of yore, is gently gliding down the stream of time, with the ultimate intention of joining the legal fraternity. Ella F. Mead has been alternately teaching and assisting in the office of the *Plain-Dealer* of Cresco. Walter M. Woodward is a teacher of LaSalle county, Illinois, during the period of his preparation for legal practice.

Alfa Campbell has been teaching in Des Moines county and in Monticello. C. C. Colclo also registers himself as a pedagogue. Mamie Carpenter and Alice Neal teach at Eldora. Kate Curtis teaches with her friends at Monticello. May Farwell has taught one term of school, but is now at home—waiting, she says. A. P. Hargrave is instructor in the Springdale Seminary, of Cedar county, though he intends to enter a medical college. J. B. Hungerford has charge of the Danville, Iowa, schools. Cora B. Keith has taught one term of school, but is at her home in Vinton. G. I. Miller teaches at Exira. [By a sad accident with a gun on August 6, 1878, Mr. Miller lost the greater portion of his right hand.] Cora Patty has followed the common occupation. H. M. White, though admitted to the bar, is for the time "wielding the rod" at Albion. [*Later*—Mr. White has become one of the law firm, Wyton & White, located at Davenport, Iowa.

It is in the consideration of labor being performed by those who have received advantages of our College, after they have gone out into the state and the world, that the general dissemination of knowledge by such institutions, becomes more clearly appreciable.

The business of Agriculture is already ably represented, although many, now otherwise occupied, expect to make it their occupation as soon as sufficient capital has been acquired. P. S. Brown is among the farmers of Fayette county; H. L. Page, of Boone county; C. L. Suksdorf, of Portland Oregon; C. H. Tillotson and J. M. Wells, of Story county; E. L. Beard, of Frankville, Winnesheik county; D. A. Kent of Elkhart, Polk county; W. O. Robinson, of Nebraska. C. B. Maben, on graduation, engaged in real estate business at Garner, Hancock county, and still continues as a member of the firm of Maben & Ripley. He began at the foot of the ladder and invested his accumulations in lands, which he placed under cultivation and gradually become an extensive farmer. The local press speaks of him as "one of the largest farmers in Hancock county," and his real estate now spreads over fourteen hundred acres. Lewis W. Beard has returned to the farm and together with his brother, Hammond, has charge of his father's farm of eleven hundred acres, besides seven hundred acres recently purchased by the young men, making a farm of eighteen hundred acres, devoted to wheat, corn and stock raising. F. L. Stratton signifies his intention of becoming a farmer. Two of our young men, it will be observed, cultivate thirty-two hundred acres, by the aid of the accumulated experience of many a lifetime imparted to them by our *Alma Mater*.

Twenty-four Alumni, in the cause of right and our dear country, have wedded the stern maiden *Justitia*. They are not yet exactly ordinary attorneys at law, but form a novel group of bland, innocent faces, who would believe themselves to be new physical creations of a higher order of being—new links on the chain of development and profession. You may have heard the classification: Genus—*Homo;* species—*Sincerus juris consultus*—honest lawyers! Their uniform statements to that effect form a coincidence remarkable. Said one of these legal philanthropists: "I'm going to be an honest lawyer, if I don't make my salt."

After a brief residence in Pittsburg and Washington, Herbert S. Dickey moved to the golden west, and is now a student of law at Los Angelos, California. Prof. Macomber has devoted considerable time to legal study. C. A. Smith is one of the prominent attorneys of the Clinton bar. J. L. Stevens located as practitioner at Ames, and became, at the recent election' attorney for the state in his district. W. Green is an attorney of Davenport. Though not yet established in practice, E. A. Pyne, of Vinton, G. A. Garard, of Ames, and C. S. Chase, of Shenandoah, have been admitted to the profession. E. R. Clingan is one of the attorneys of Sioux City. G. Earl Marsh after acting in the capacities of teacher and editor, has established a law office at Cresco, Howard county. J. R. Whitaker is in legal practice at Boone, under the banner of Hull & Whitaker, and his brother, James M. Whitaker follows the same calling at Marshalltown. S. Y. Yates is an active member of the legal fraternity of Tipton. Edward P. Cadwell flourishes under the motto, "Promptness, Diligence, Fidelity," as a member of the firm, Barnhart & Cadwell, of Logan, Harrison county. R. P. Kelley is now an attorney in some western Iowa town. W. R. Lamoreaux is a student of law. Frank J. Macomber completed the law course at Iowa City, with honors, June 18, 1878 and will follow that profession. J. E. Cobbey has met with signal success in the legal practice at Beatrice Nebraska, as U. S. Commissioner, and is a member of the firm of Forbes & Cobbey. W. S. Collins is teaching at Springfield, Illinois, while in course of legal preparation, and W. M. Woodward is similarly occupied at Ottawa, Illinois. It may be remarked that as practice is not regulated by a code in that state, the requirements for admission to the bar are much greater than in Iowa. James F. Hardin is a diligent member of the bar of Hardin county. Louis E. Spencer has attained the occupation of his ambition as an attorney of Grinnell. J. W. Doxsee at Monticello, W. A. Helsell at Cedar Rapids with Blake & Hormel, and R. F. Jordan at the Law School of Des Moines, are taking cargoes of legal lore. E. L. King of the firm of King & Whipple, at Vinton and L. B. Robinson, at Belle Plaine, conclude the list of attorneys at law, among our Alumni.

Domestic economy is practically applied by ten of the ladies of the older classes, whose names will be mentioned hereafter.

The medical profession claims the attention of eight of our number. S. A. Churchill, graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1876, and located in Davenport where he acted as city physician and county surveyor, but soon accepted a position as assistant agency physician of the Kiowa and Camanche Indians, at Ft. Sill, Indian Territory. G. W. Ramsey is a physican of Springfield, Illinois. I. W. Smith resided at Iowa City and Philadelphia, as a student of medicine, until 1875, when he graduated and entered practice at Charles City, Iowa. Two years later he became physician to four thousand two hundred wild Indians at Ft. Sill and Anadarko, Indian Territory, "many of whom," he writes, "suppose me to be the author of the total solar eclipse of July 29, 1878," since he had predicted its appearance to them. Mrs. Sallie Stalker Smith also prescribes to the Indians. G. W. Harvey graduated at Ann Arbor in the pharmaceutical department in 1874, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1875, since which time he has successfully prosecuted his profession at Strawn Illinois. He has purchased a farm and now practices the principles of Agriculture received at the I. A. C. C. D. Boardman is one of the prominent physicians of Monticello, Iowa. C. E Clingan resides at Sioux City as a devoted follower of Æsculapius. Lorentz A. Claussen is a student of Rush Medical College, and assistant physicaian in the Cook county hospital, Chicago. A. P. Hargrave is a student of medicine.

J. C. Milnes having attended the Veterinary College of Ontario, Canada, has located at Cedar Rapids as Veterinary Surgeon, where he is meeting with marked success.

(*Concluded next month.*)

If on the first of every January we should drop a single vice and pick up a virtue in its stead, the doctrine of total depravity would soon be dead.

THE AURORA.

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BY THE

FOUR LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF THE

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IN July, 1873, was issued the first number of the AURORA; since that time the paper has thrived as well as most college papers, at institutions of similar size. We can say, we think with truth, that it has been moderately successful, but we hope the future will bring yet greater success, that coming editors may be able to present a better paper—one of more real value from a scholarly standpoint, than has hitherto been done.

The present year opens under a new *regime*. As stated in the November number for 1878, the number of editors has been reduced to four—half the number hitherto employed. Though we believe this a change for the better, it is yet an experiment, and we labor under the disadvantage of having to carve our own groove, so to speak. Any work glides along more smoothly when once accustomed to its track. Each editor now has the full responsibility of his own department, and conflicting opinions and influences are avoided. It allows more perfect organization and each one knows precisely what he is expected to do. The more the work and management are confined to a few capable hands, the better it will usually be done. True, there is work enough for any reasonable number of students; but our experience and observation both attest that where many are entrusted with the work, the burden will be borne by a few. With eight names streaming from the editorial masthead of THE AURORA, two or three have almost invariably done the bulk of the work; and, so far from being assisted by the others, their hands have been tied, their efforts trammeled, by those who were chosen by the societies to be co-laborers, and who were entrusted with an equal share of the work and responsibility. The system of so many editors allowed too great an opportunity for some to slip through without doing their share of the work, thus throwing a heavy task upon others. In our opinion, after one has accepted the trust confided to him by his society, if he is unwilling or unable to do his share of the work, he ought at least to be honest enough to resign and allow the selection of some one who will perform his part. While the present corps of editors hope in a great measure to escape these difficulties, we are conscious of others to be met, and, let us hope, to be overcome. We appreciate the difficulties incident to publishing a good college paper, in addition to carrying a heavy course of study. If we do not bring talent into the field, we shall endeavor to bring a requisite of almost equal value—faithful work. Our predecessors have, in most cases, striven manfully to make the paper a true exponent of the spirit of the College. It is with a feeling of humility that we assume the duties of conducting the paper; we shall endeavor to do our part as fully as we can. We do not expect to be able to conduct the paper in a way entirely above criticism, neither shall we be offended at kindly criticism, or suggestions of improvements, by whomsoever offered. Were we experienced enough to know just how to proceed, and did we have the privilege of devoting our whole time and efforts to the work, we would feel more competent for the task that lies before us. The corps of editors cannot do the work alone. We believe the paper in the past has largely received the friendship and sympathy of students and friends; and we trust it may merit such a friendly feeling in the future. All students and friends of the Institution should aid in supporting the College paper.

FOR some years one chief trouble with THE AURORA has been that those at a distance have failed to receive their papers regularly. As to the whole cause of this, we are unable to say, but are convinced that a large part has been due to carelessness. This year it shall be our first endeavor to prevent all irregularities as far as possible. The solicitor, Mr. J. C. Noble, takes the responsibility of guaranteeing to subscribers that their papers will be regularly and correctly mailed.

AT the December meeting of the Board of Trustees, Professor H. W. Parker, of Amherst College, Massachusetts, was elected Professor of Zoology, Entomology and Geology. It was then expected that he would arrive here and assume his duties about the first of May; but the present probabilities are that he will not arrive till the last of this term. His department, meanwhile, is divided between Professors Bessey and Macomber, making considerable extra work for them. Prof. Parker was formerly connected with Iowa College, at Grinnell, and read an excellent poem at the opening of the Agricultural College in 1868. He is a very able scientist, and will prove a valuable addition to the College. We have heard those who know his worth wonder how Amherst was prevailed upon to let him go.

PROF. WYNN has been publishing a series of pamphlets, which are reprints of articles contributed by him to a quarterly theological and philosophical review published in the east. The design of these pamphlets, which the Prof. generously distributes free, is to put a modest check on the prevailing materialistic spirit of the scientific thinking of our age, by indicating, in a liberal but cogent way, the insuperable logical difficulties in the way of any system of philosophy that would reduce our mental phenomena to physiological terms. The last of these pamphlets, "*Thought, the Great Reality*," appeared during the vacation months, and has been widely distributed. It received the following tribute from a prominent eastern paper:

"The paper by Prof. Wynn, on "*Thought, the Great Reality*," is an able and discriminating presentation of the world-fact, that thought and its consciousness are the great distinction of man over all other creatures and things in the universe, between whom and man there is an immeasurable distance of mind, notwithstanding their physical conditions, relations and analogies as animals. This is one of the most clear and striking refutations of the evolutionist hypothesis, as applied to man, that has appeared in the entire discussion with modern scientists."—*Philadelphia Lutheran Observer.*

In this issue we publish much matter of interest to the Alumni and former students. We send copies to a number of them with the hope that they will subscribe. The price of the paper has been reduced from $1.00 to 75 cents per year, the postage being paid by us. We do not mean to pay ourselves an egotistical compliment when we say we think you will need THE AURORA, but we trust that all will gladly contribute the small sum named toward the support of the college paper, and we shall endeavor to furnish you as much and as good college news, together with literary and scientific articles, as possible.

On Monday evening, March 24, some of the students visited the neighboring town of Boone to hear Susan B. Anthony's lecture on "Woman wants Bread, not the Ballot." They report a very able lecture, delivered in an eloquent manner. She claimed that the universal want of woman is a man—that is, the right kind of a man; that bread and almost all other comforts and luxuries of life would be rendered more accessible by the ballot; that women will not be recognized in their true capacity, nor be granted equal remuneration with men for the same work, till they are enfranchised. We regret that space will not permit a more extended notice. Can we not secure her for the College during the summer?

"At the late meeting, held December 3, 1878, the Trustees reduced the current expenses of students boarding and rooming in the building, 54 cents a week, fixing the new rates for 1879, as follows:

"Fires and Lights, per week,	$ .40	"—a reduction of	7	cents.
"Board,	" "	2.50	"—" "	" 15	"
"Incideutals,	" "	.21	"—" "	" 4	"
			Total reduction.	26	"

54=26.—*Higher mathematics.*

Also: "Room rent, per term, $1.00 to $3.00." $3.00=$3.50. Another mathematical enigma.

P. S.—This is, according to good authority, solely for the benefit of the Freshmen, who are not supposed to understand the intricacies of mathematics(?). Older students need not read this.

Another winter vacation has passed, and many familiar faces, mingled with many strange ones, again throng the halls and gather in rooms at the sound of the bell. The present year opens with bright prospects. A larger number of students have entered than for several years past. The Institution has always had, and yet has, enemies in various parts of the state; mostly, we think, caused by misrepresentations, willful or otherwise, that have at various times been propagated by different individuals. We hope in time to see the College live down these prejudices and show by its real works whether it has thus been truly or falsely represented. While we are free to confess that very few Agricultural Colleges meet our ideal of an industrial institution of learning, we believe they are useful in a high degree, and deserve the credit for the good they do.

In the December number of the *Iowa Normal Monthly*, published at Dubuque, is a masterly discussion on "The True Province of Normal Schools Supported by the State," by three of Iowa's ablest educators: viz. Prof. S. N. Fellows, Professor of Didactics, in Iowa State University; Prof. J. C. Gilchrist, principal of Iowa State Normal School, and Prof. Henry Sabin, superintendent of Clinton city schools. Prof. Fellows claims that Normal Schools should confine themselves to the study and practice of the principles and methods of education, which he claims are alone entitled to be called *professional studies*. Prof. Gilchrist claims that normal schools should and must teach the scholastic branches, and teach them with a thoroughness not reached by any other school, and that when thus taught all literary or scientific studies are professional. Prof. Sabin agrees with Prof. Gilchrist that normal schools must teach academic studies. Every teacher, and every one interested in normal schools should read this discussion.

SCIENTIFIC.

EXPECTANT ATTENTION.

The relations of mind and matter to each other are by no means clear, even to the men who have spent their lives in studying the subject, but, because of this obscurity, they present to the lovers of the curious a most fascinating field. We all love to think on the mysterious, and there is enough fo mystery about the subject to excite our imaginations, while our latent superstitions are held in check by the substantial facts in the case.

One very interesting set of phenomena is due to expectant attention, called in common parlance, imagination. "Attention," says Webster, "is the energetic application of the mind to any object, whether sensible or spiritual." Attention, though at first automatic, is largely under the direction of the will of a well-trained subject.

Expectant means "waiting in expectation." The subject is waiting for an event of known character to take place. Putting the two words together we have the expression, expectant attention, meaning, to have the mind concentrated in expectation of an event.

Often, when the mind is so concentrated, it deceives itself. For example—a man awakes in the night and cannot hear his watch tick. He thinks it has stopped. He listens attentively for a few minutes until he hears the familiar tick, tick, tick, and then goes to sleep, satisfied that it is running. If the watch in question be one of the treacherous kind, the owner would probably be chagrined to find, in the morning, that the ticking which he heard was due to the fact that he expected to hear such a sound. In other words, it was done by his brain, instead of by the watch.

Dr. Carpenter says he considers such effects to be caused by the action of the cerebrum, which transmits to the sensorium, along the nerves of internal sense, an impression equivalent to that transmitted to it by the nerves of external sense. In the case in point, the ticking sound, which the subject supposed he heard, was due to the fact that, while he was anxiously listening for it, his cerebrum transmitted to his sensorium an impression equivalent to that which it would have received from without, had the watch really been ticking.

We all know how often we are deceived when listening for the return of an absent one. Surely that is his step in the distance—we are right this time. But the walker comes nearer, and sight, if it be good, undeceives us, or he passes by and thus tells us of our mistake. Many similar cases might be pointed out, but they are too common to need mention.

By expecting certain sensations to be produced within us, we often think we perceive them when the nerves of sense are not at all excited from without. Dr. Carpenter mentions many interesting experiments performed by him, to show that we are frequently deceived by our sensations. He experimented with several adults and in every case, they saw or felt what he had previously told them they would see or feel under these conditions. They were expecting to feel certain sensations and as the experiment progressed, these sensations were perceived by them.

The writer tried one of Dr. Carpenter's common experiments, and succeeded in producing in the subject the sensation he had been told he would perceive. The subject was directed to lay his hand, palm upwards, upon the table, while the operator passed the point of a knife half an inch above it from the finger-ends to to the wrist. When the knife passed in this direction he was told to expect a sensation of cold, which sensation he perceived after a few passes. When the passes were made in an opposite direction, he was told to expect heat, which he soon felt. Then the subject was placed in such a position that he could not see his hand, but when led to suppose that the knife was moving up toward his wrist, he perceived the sensation of cold, and when he supposed it to be moving in the opposite direction, that of

heat, while in reality the knife was lying on the table all the time and the subject was the victim of a double deception.

A very easy way to make one's nose feel cold is to think it will become so in a few moments, watching closely, from instant to instant, to note the fall in temperature. By and by, if the experiment be properly conducted, the nose will feel quite cold The subject may next make the tip of his nose feel hot by expecting it to become so. This alternate perception of heat and cold in the nose is not due to any change in the temperature of that prominent feature, for, if this were the case, a man might keep from freezing by thinking he was warm, or be comfortable with the thermometer at the boiling-point. The only change is in the impressions which the cerebrum sends to the sensorium, which seems unable to distinguish the directions of impressions transmitted to it by the nerves.

In this way we are frequently deceived by the unconscious action of the cerebrum. If we watch ourselves closely, we will find that, if expecting them, we may think we receive impressions from any one of the senses, when, in reality, none of the external nerves of sense have been in the least excited.

This power which the cerebrum has of unconsciously transmitting impressions should not be overlooked when the individual is making observations. We all know that it is easier to perceive what we are looking for than the reverse. If each of two men make the same set of observations, the one determined to prove the truth of a statement, and the other as fully determined to show that it is erroneous, there is danger that the results of the two sets of observations will differ more or less because of the different mental bias of the two observers. The man who said he always saw what he was looking for was not so far wrong after all.

THE REVIVAL OF MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics was studied very extensively by the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Egyptians. The main object of their study was Geometry. The works of Euclid in Elementary Geometry and of Apollonius in Conic Sections have scarcely been improved to this day, which is also the case with Diophantus of Alexandria on Elementry Algebra and the properties of numbers. After the death of the last named, in the third century, the national strength and security, and with them the learning of Greece, seems to have declined. After that, the torch of science seems to have passed into the hands of the Saracens, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of learning through the dark ages. But no appreciable advance was made for more than a thousand years. For this there were various causes, among which may be mentioned, the hands into which science had passed. It must be admitted that the Arabs were inferior to the Greeks, either in energy or strength of mind, or both. But human progress seems to be a series of actions and re-actions. The Egyptians, Chaldeans and Greeks made great progress in all branches of learning, but the human race had not kept pace with these advances in other respects. There came a time when more knowledge had been accumulated than the mind was able fully to grasp. The principal work of the succeeding centuries was to explain and discuss that learning. This may be likened to those periods in the growth of a tree, when, after the rapid growth of the early spring, it stops, thickens and strengthens its tissues; the leaves soon fall, and the tree commences its sleep through the long, dreary winter. But all this time forces are acting which contribute to the growth of the succeeding spring. The first sign of spring, after the long, dreary winter of the Middle Ages, was the life and works of Roger Bacon. Then the intellectual and moral world began to assume a new aspect. The signs of progress were evident everywhere. The astrology, alchemy and necromancy of the Dark Ages began to give way before the onward march of modern progress. Chimneys, gunpowder, telescopes and printing were invented; poems were written that would do honor to the genius of any age; Copernicus framed his great hypothesis; Cæsalpinus classified plants in a way very similar to the modern; a new continent was discovered, which was to be the home of a people and a civilization of which posterity might well be proud, and the human mind, led by by such men as Wickliffe, Melancthon and Luther began to shake off the shackles of superstition and ignorance. But we must look more particularly to the progress of mathematics. Gerbert, a monk of the Low Countries, who, in the year 999, became Pope under the title of Sylvester II, learned from the Moors the decimal system of notation. Leonardo, a merchant of Pisa, who traveled in the East, about the year 1200, introduced Algebra, also from Arabia.

The principles of mathematics are more simple and definite than those of any other branch of science, therefore less affected by the dogmatism of that age, and better adapted to the study of a mind in the first stages of its develop ment, as it were. It is also essential to the study of other branches of science. Mathematics was therefore the first science to be successfully pursued. Astronomy, being so nearly akin to the astrology of the the Dark Ages, and on account of the sublimity of the subject of which it treats, had attached to it a peculiar interest in an age of such intense religious feeling, and followed directly in the wake of mathematics.

Natural philosophy is the science of common things. It seeks to explain the phenomena of every day life, in which every one is interested. It, therefore, was a principal object of study, as a practical age began to dawn. Thus we see following in succession the epochs of Regiomontanus, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and Newton. This was all introductory to the study of the more recondite branches of pure and applied science, which has been the work of the last 150 years. Moreover, the writings of the ancients on mathematics were fuller, and from the very nature of things, more free from the errors common at that age than those on any other subject.

The first great name we come to is that of Muller, a German, better known as Regiomontanus, who lived in the fifthteenth century. He translated many standard mathematical works from the Greek, Latin and Arabic. He also invented decimal fractions and carried Trigonometry to almost its present perfection.

The first printed book on Algebra was written by Lucas de Burgo, a Franciscan, who travelled in the East toward the end of the fifteenth century. The characters employed in this work are merely abbreviations of words, and, as was the practice at that day, the rules are all in verse. In 1545 Cardan published his celebrated method for resolving equations of the third degree—a method which has scarcely been improved upon to this day. Vieta, in a work published about the year 1600, was the first to employ letters to represent the known and unknown quanties, thus giving to Algebra its present notation. He also made many improvements in Trigonometry. Albert Girard, a Fleming, in a work published in 1669, first introduced into Algebra the ideas of negative quantities and imaginary roots.

The greatest invention that was made, up to the first quarter of the seventeenth century, was that of logarithms, by Baron Napier, a Scotchman. The value of this invention, though esteemed great at its time, is but now begining to be fully realized. But the greatest services that were done to the science at that time were done by Galileo and Kepler. Though they wrote mainly on applied mathematics, their discoveries were the practical applications of the science, which excited a new interest in it that was a principal cause of its future progress. All the discoveries that we have thus far spoken of, were merely improvements and extensions of the methods known to the ancients. But the *great* work of the seventeenth century was the making and perfection of two inventions which have marked a great revolution in modern science. The first of these was the Analytical Geometry, published by Rene Descartes in 1637. The second was the Differential Calculus, invented by

Sir Isaac Newton, about the year 1670, invented again and published by Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz about the year 1685, but not published by Newton till the early part of the eighteenth century.

Lack of space forbids us to speak of these two men, any more than to say that science is indebted to them for many of its most valuable discoveries in this and other branches. Following these there appears a constellation of mathematicians, among whom may be mentioned Hermann, Euler, the Bernouillis—eight in number, Taylor, McLaurin and Stirling, who have left apparently little to be done in the line of pure mathematics. W. W.

THE ULTRA-GASEOUS STATE OF MATTER.

One of the most important discoveries in molecular physics is undoubtedly that just communicated to the Royal Society, by Dr. Crookes, in a paper entitled "The Illamination of Lines of Molecular Pressure and the Trajectory of Molecules." It has been so long taken for granted that there could be only three conditions in which matter existed—solid, liquid and gaseous—that it comes upon us with down-right surprise to hear of a fourth condition—the ultra-gaseous. But there can be little doubt that Dr. Crookes' experiments have proved this. The paper is reported at some length in *Nature*, for Dec. 12, and we refer our readers to it for the details of the delicate experiments from which this important conclusion is arrived at. It would seem that the hypothetical ether of astronomers, which is supposed to fill space, is not so supposititious as some have argued.

A VISITOR to the Isle of Pines writes to the *Botanical Gazette* as follows:

"The island may have untold treasures in reserve, but the price demanded is too great. Physical suffering outweighs intellectual enjoymont, and we decide that the limit of endurance has been reached. For twelve hours or more we have fought an invisible foe, and at last we succumb to a minute winged particle of matter called sand-fly. The coast of Florida would be a naturalist's paradise, but for the sand-flies, deer-flies and mosquitoes (large and small) infesting it. But if only one of these pests might be removed, let that be the sand-fly. Its strength consists chiefly in its littleness, as it penetrates anything but the most closely woven fabric. It crawls through the hair and beard, and into the eyes, nose and ears, biting where it goes, until its victim is almost maddened, and compelled to build a fire and take refuge in its smoke. Such a scourge might have driven our first parents from paradise."

THE astronomer, who, by the aid of the heliometer or a double refracting prism, determines the diameters of planetary bodies, who measures patiently, year after year, the meridian altitude and the relative distance of stars, or who seeks a telescopic comet in a group of nebulæ, does not feel his imagination more excited—*and this is the very guarantee of the precision of his labors*—than the botanist who counts the division of the calyx, or the number of stamens in a flower, or examines the connected or separate teeth of the peristoma surrounding the capsule of a moss. Yet the multiplied angular measurements, on the one hand, and the detail of organic relations, on the other, alike aid in preparing the way for the attainment of higher views of the laws of the universe. VON HUMBOLDT.

EXPERIMENTS in electric signaling and reconnoitring have been made at Mont Valerien on a large scale. Details are wanting, as the French Government thinks it prudent to keep secret almost all experiments relating to military matters.

LOCAL.

Is it so very strange that our literary editor should call Lee Lane?

The Freshmen on the upper floor seem to think it rare sport to pound on the pipes.

A young Junior accounts for his full beard by saying that he "was too poor to buy a razor."

A "Sub-Fresh" came to Junior botany, but hearing the Prof. speak of cells, left suddenly.

A Freshman gentleman thinks it very dull here, and that "it would be a good plan to spell down."

The gentlemen in room 87 should be a little guarded in speech because there are parrots (Perretts) below.

A couple of Seniors brought a 50 lb. soap box from Ames a few days ago. They mean to use it all—so they say.

One young man wishes warm weather would hurry up. He wants to play at croquet. Everything in its due time, sir.

It is really amusing to see the cats as they gaze wistfully into the cellar of the new creamery. What do they think of?

The Senior class need not despair—it has a new member in the person of John Adrian Chavannes. Weight, at two months—15 lbs.

Freshman—upon hearing the steam escape from the heater—"I wish those girls down stairs would quit trying to sing tenor."

A mathematical Senior defines a "biped" as follows: "An animal possessing two organs of locomotion." So a cart is a biped, is it?

Soph.—How do you pronounce the word G-a-n-o-t?

Junior (*who is busily studying Physics.*)—Where do you find it, in Chemistry?

There was a large sketch pasted on the wall, the other day, made to represent a gigantic Soph. with a poor Freshman on the toe of his boot—"Kick-a-poo."

Scene in English Literature.

Prof.—"The Arthurian legends—"

Inquisitive Junior.—"Legends! What *are* legends? Where do they live?"

Prof. in Physics.—"The theory is that light is propagated through an imponderable ether."

Soph. (*breaking in*).—"Is it anything like the ether we have in the Laboratory, Professor?"

Chemistry is a fine study. The laboratory work is very interesting, but requires strict attention to every little detail. Absent-mindedness will not do, as a Junior chemist found out after trying to light his filter-pump.

"Have a place for every thing—put every thing in its place" is the motto recently adopted by one of our Juniors. The immediate cause was a three days' search for his hat, which he finally remembered, had been left in the library.

A few evenings since a Senior was reading Prof. Wynn's "Thought the Great Reality" in the library, and became so interested that when the bell rang he rose and turned off the gas, and we suppose would have retired on one of the tables, had not the librarian and other students aroused him from his state of abstraction.

The barn, formerly used by the President, is being fitted up for a dissecting room for the use of the veterinarians. It is to be ceiled throughout. Professor Stalker says that, when completed, it will be better than the dissecting rooms in the Veterinary College of New York or Toronto. The "Special Vets." are looking forward to a good time among the "bones and sinews.

Prof. Lee has forty-one Sophomore chemists under his instruction.

A young Senior met the 3 o'clock train one Saturday, lately, and gallantly escorted a shawl-strap up to the college.

Would it not be well for the Societies to appoint their members of the lecture committee soon, so that they will have time to get a lecture for Commencement?

Contest in library for "special." *Contestants*—Senior and Junior. *Stakes*—Freshman lady. *Time for game*—one hour. *Score*—Junior 5, Senior 1,—withdrew from contest after 15 minutes looking badly whipped, but dignified. Tally 4 for the grit of the Junior.

A Junior, meeting some Sub-Freshmen east of Squaw Creek, began to enquire about the college. "Have been trying to find it but cannot." They kindly returned a half mile or more, and, after pointing it out and giving some information as to examinations, pursued their way, conjecturing the meanwhile as to the merits and demerits of the new comer.

Scene.—Senior class-room. *Dramatis personæ*—Prof. of chemistry and tall Senior.

Prof.—"Mr. J., is silica found in the stalks of our cereals?"

Senior.—"Yes, sir, in their epidermal cells, creoles secrete large gangues of silica."

Said Senior is, at present, engaged in searching for points of resemblance between *Lycopodium complanatum and lignum vitæ.*

PERSONALS.

President J. L. Pickard, of the State University, is writing a series of excellent articles on "Practical Education."

'79. G. W. Kipp is studying law with his father.

'76. E. Griswold is teaching at Englewood, near Chicago.

'77. Misses Carpenter and Neal are teaching in Eldora.

'76. J. F. Hardin is one of the lawyers of the same place.

'79. We hear that G. W. Wattles was successful in his first case.

'78. Miss Twitchell is teaching in the public schools of Adel.

'78. W. K. Robbins takes a post-graduate course in Chemistry.

'76. L. A. Claussen has a position in the Cook county hospital, at Chicago.

'79. Miss Beach does not return this year. Will probably go out in '80.

'76. G. A. Garard has the principalship of the Ames school another year.

'77. A. P. Hargrave is teaching in Springdale Academy, Cedar county.

'78. We are glad to welcome C. F. Mount back. He takes a post graduate in C. E.

'77. Messrs. Helsell and Jordan are attending the law school at Des Moines.

'78. M. M. Hitchcock has the principalship of the public school of Reynols, Ill.

'81. Mr. Tisdale fills the office of book-keeper for one of the wholesale houses of Ottumwa.

'75. H. R. Patrick, one of the most prominent lights of the I. A. C., is surveying in Arizona.

'77. J. W. Doxsee has been admitted to the bar in Jones county. We are with you in spirit.

'80. Wm. J. Milligan, we learn, is in the office of J. H. Merrill & Co., wholesale grocers, Ottumwa.

'78. We hear that Messrs. Hainer and Glenn are teaching in Ransom, Illinois. Both order the AURORA.

'77. F. W. Booth's genial countenance beams no more upon us. He is, for the present, at home—Anamosa.

'81. C. F. Saylor will be happy to wait upon any of his old associates at the office of Mr. Painter, Polk City.

'80. Mr. Dennis entered as a Freshman with the present Junior class. Was out during last year, but now returns as a Sophomore.

'79. E. C. Fortner who entered the institution with the present Senior class has returned after an absence of two years to complete his course.

'75. Miss Cherrie and Mr. Whiting made us a short visit. The latter returned to Burlington, where he is engaged in a R. R. office as draughtsman.

'79. Miss Bangs entered the matrimonial market successfully. Her husband is a brother of Miss Butler of '80. She is teaching in Crawford County.

'79. C. D. Taylor drops out of class '79, intending to employ himself as pedagogue during the year; he, however, will return next year and graduate with class '80.

CLIPPINGS.

"I should just like to see somebody try to abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "H'm! so should I," said Mr. Smith, with exceeding earnestness.

A lady, rushing through the halls of a staid eastern college, met a gent, and, much to his astonishment, fondly embraced him and cried out, "O! I wish we could have a half holiday!"

It was a very cold morning when one of them jumped out of bed. Says the one in bed to his chum, "Is the fire dead?" "No, but it sleepeth," replied the other, blowing his fingers.

Freshman to Logical Senior—"What is the relation between bread and hash?" *Senior*—"Bread is a necessity; hash is an invention; necessity is the mother of invention." *Freshman*—"Gosh!"

Junior, parsing: "*Nihil* is a noun." *Professor:* "What does it come from?" *Junior:* "It does not come at all." *Professor:* "Doesn't it come from *Nihil:*" *Junior*; "No, sir. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"

Latin Prof. (to student who has made a poor recitation):—"That will do, S.; take your seat. That's well done. W., take the next." *W.* (rising slowly): "How will you have it Professor, rare or well done." Slow curtain and red light.

Professor, (lecturing on Psychology)—"All phenomena are sensations. For instance, that leaf appears green to me. In other words, I have a sensation of greenness within me." Of course no harm was meant, but still the class would laugh.

"It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in these hard times you ought to lower your prices for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber. "Now-a-days everybody wears such a long face that we have a great deal more surface to shave over."

Not long ago, a Junior was out riding with one of Amherst's beauties by his side, when, looking up pensively into his face, she said with tears in her eyes, "Oh! no one loves me, Mr. R." "Some one does," he replied. "Yes, Miss Lizzie," continued the wretch, "God does."

A student in Scripture history, thirsting for information, asked the professor if Solomon was saved. The Professor answered that it was difficult to get direct evidence on that point. We advise the student to go and see for himself. Still, we would suggest that any man with three hundred wives deserves a quiet haven in the next life.